JOHN SARTAIN.

ONE MEMORIES OF HIS LONG LIFE.

REMINISCENCES OF A VERY OLD MAN. MINISCENCES OF A VERY CLE MAN.

By John Sartain, Academielan of the
spreama Academy of the Fine Arts, Cavalof the Royal Equestrian Order of the Crown
of the Royal Equestrian Order of the Crown
ally, etc. Octavo, pp. xi, 297. D. Appleton

our was a time when London had no regan organized police force comparable in the set degree with that of the present day, relied for protection upon constables seof from among respectable shopkeepers. me individuals went about their own busifrom day to day, only attending to police grow and to ponce by circumstances. "As spin of office and to inspire awe and reverse of his authority, each constable was furand by the powers that were with a small round of about nine inches long, with a rude carving the end intended to represent a kingly "The reader, dazed by this information, thich we have taken from the late John Sartain's ook of reminiscences, will not unnaturally asme that it applies to some period exceedingly gete. Mr. Sartain assures us that it was no moter than the earlier stages of his own lifeme in fact, as a small boy he used to profit the absence of policemen, trespassing with s young companions on King George IV's regred domain in St. James's Park.

He knew London when Apsley House was a are corners at all, and on Albany-st., now a basins and other vessels. She caught some of lickly built up thoroughfare, he once saw a ightened hare running in from the country towof the heart of the town. One quiet evening 180 he saw a steamboat for the first time. schored in the Thames, and the very next day witnessed in St. James's Park the curious warrence which he thus commemorated:

a willessed in St. surprise will see will see which he thus commemorated:

The rarriage of the King, George IV, was passaged the road between Carlton House and between Carlton House and between Garlton House and serbed gate of the Horse Guards, preceded a small troop of horse soldiers, while a simulation followed in the rear. But close alongois the carriage moved a group of women, mine loud groans and hisses, waving elenched the above their heads and yelling execrations sensit the royal occupant within, who was ingole because the blinds of the carriage were see drawn. As the cavalcade neared the middle of the Horse Guards these amazons mopel off. What surprised me was that the parts did not interfere, but kept on at a gentle of the right nor the left, as if uneroscious of that was going on close to the carriage they are supposed to be guarding. In explanation this surprisent sight, I was afterward told at the general unpopularity of the King was at then intensified by the procedure he had used to be instituted against ins Queen, sight also accounted for the sex of the little t also accounted for the sex of the

n with some grim recollections. At the dame whoel which he first attended he was made to m in a now with other little ones on a bench ! with no back. If fatigue of the spine caused one if the youngsters to sit even for an instant in tames sharp come descended with force upon the knickles of the delinquent. At the last's the drippings, but the floor was rotted, never- his Count Dracula from the bleak castle in the ess than an absolutely upright position the om school the first spectacle that met his eyes pusignominiously in spite of his energetic pro-At his third school the Rev. Mr. Williams. bewas in charge, had a way of lashing his pu-puriously about the head with his stick for no ous reason, unless for that given in the an-

moke and fire" at Covent Garden, and there bries Kemble, Macready and Farren, of whom appened to have the opportunity to visit the form as follows: Marshalsea, and there is a brief but interesting on that famous institution in his volume. Fun the theatre he was taken to be inducted the art and mystery of watching over a Empike. In those days the tollgates were armed out to individuals, and one of these genen, a relative of Sartain's, stationed him at Sbrakar," one of seven gates on the road from bemendsey to Deptford. From that post he was obliged to run away, the hours being so mg that he almost perished from lack of sleep. Then he took to artistic studies, became an engaver, and his life work was settled. It need 50 be followed here, since the present volume 3 hot an autobiography, but a collection of odd Remories from past years. Mr. Sartain was less successed to unfold his career before us than to sel us little anecdotes like this one:

In the Eryptian room of the British Museum the famous "Rosetta Stone," the triple in-Eription on which furnished the first clew to the

deciphering of Egyptian characters, the same inscription being repeated on it in Greek, hiero-glyphic and enchorial or demotic. This precious mass of basalt is now safely inclosed in a glass case by itself, where no finger can touch it, but when I was a student drawing from the antiques there, it must have been less valued, for it lay unprotected on the stone floor, and I used to sit on it while extraction. it while eating my Abernethy biscuits for

In his early years of artistic study and work in London Mr. Sartain came in contact with numerous men of fame, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Samuel Rogers among them. His memories of them, however, are not very rich or quotable. In 1830 he sailed for America, a married man with a profession. He recalls that at that time "the American vessels were readily distinguishable from those of other nations in port by a beautiful feature. A broad band of unpainted wood, varnished to a rich color, ran in graceful sweep from stem to stern just below the bulwarks." The day before he sailed he saw pasted up on the masonry at the Mansion House the official communication from Sir Robert Peel to the Lord Mayor in which the former, announcing the death of George IV, "regretted that it had pleased the Almighty to relieve His Majesty of his sufferings." Mr. Sartain notes that, strangely enough, the document did not attract a crowd.

Arrived in America, Mr. Sartain settled in Philadelphia, of which city he drew some diverting sketches, showing the old town as very different from what it is to-day. The Academy He knew pends building, and a turnpike of Fine Arts was then sheltered (?) in a buildand unsegant the commonness obstructed Hyde ing so poorly roofed that the janitress used on

FICTION.

A FANTASTIC THEME REALISTICALLY TREATED.

DRACULA. By Bram Stoker, 12mo, pp. fx, 378. Doubleday & McClure Company.

THE DOMINION OF DREAMS. By Flona Mac-leod. 12mo, pp. viii, 328. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

SAN ISIDRO. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. 12mo, pp. 312. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

A SON OF THE STATE. By W. Pett Ridge 12mo, pp. 314. Dodd, Mend & Co.

MACKINAC AND LAKE STORIES. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. With Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 222. Harper & Bros.

When Victor Hugo said of Beaudelnire that he had added a new shudder to literature he indicated an achievement which countless novelists have since wished to make their own. Most of them have failed. Mr. Bram Stoker has succeeded. "Dracula" is a book of horrors, in some passages the tension is equal to that of the most agonizing nightmare, but the whole work is kept well in hand; consistent from start to finish, it leaves an impression of life and not pire for the pivot on which his extraordinary drama is to revolve, he has realized that an atmosphere of graveyard mystery must envelop the monster. Those who have read "A Mystery vampire by an author who has preferred to repair of departate. In his childhood there was no rainy days to spot the floor with tubs, buckets, which may be gained by an exploitation of the mysterious motive alone. But Mr. Stoker brings

of mere invention. The author is daring in more ways than one. Choosing a human vamof the Campagna," that clever little story of a main anonymous, will recall the startling effects



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN. (From a painting by Fred Walker.)

was that of a pupil standing on a form with a tain knew Dr. Abercrombie, who had corres gloom, and turns him loose in England, there to spended with Boswell, he met Miss Rebecca carry out his unspeakable plans amid people and of a certain exotic attraction. outs Sarian almost collapsed from terror, and Gratz, the prototype of Scott's Rebecca in and scenes as modern and matter of fact as the following day was only got into the school "Ivanhoe". Irving. Fenimere Cooper and those of the vampire's mountain home are the author's novel entitled "By Order of the self-of the author's Magistrate." The Mordemly of the earlier book was foremost, several of the girls carrying him dozens of other noted men were personally strange and romantic. The spell of the author's Magistrate." known to him, and, as we learn from some of grisly tale is thereby imperilled, but, thanks to his most readable pages, he was well acquainted the skill with which he writes, it remains un- who is carried in the present volume all the his most readable pages, he was wen acquainted the skill with which he street in the present volume and the with Poe. It was in 1849 that the poet came to broken. We watch the conflict between Dracula way from his presence as a mere child at the him one night, evidently laboring under some and the group of English people leagued against him one night, evidently laboring under some and the group of range of rang dite of the Dean of St. Paul's and Erasmus. he had come to be protected, that men were on spectacle to be at all disconcerted by the imbeformer used to flog one or two boys by way his track seeking to kill him. Then he asked possibilities it involves dessert at dinner, and upon one occasion, for a razor, apparently that he might take his coursed a youth before Erasmus, he own life, though he said that he wanted it to reserved to his guest that the victim suffered move his mustache, so that he would not be his terrific situations. He sets them forth plausible and amusing. Also he is a little senlist that he deserved this, but it is fitting to recognized. Mr. Sartain evaded lending him a slowly, carefully, with due attention to every timental, and at times gets his effects in a sadly Simble him." There are various striking anec- razor, and with a scissors cut off the mustache little detail, and thus weaves around his hideous conventional manner. the about the old flogging habits in girls as for him. Then they went out together for a central figure a tissue of perfectly natural figure as tissue of perfectly natural things, and this book tells of one long night walk, Poe talking wildly of strange things. The honest men who are fighting the attribute and the strange of the stran sticularly cruei mistress who was herself things that had been happening to him, and Mr. sundy whipped by the guardian of a girl she | Sartain keeping a sharp eye on his every movement. He brought him back to the house and scenes which we must leave Mr. Stoker to de-Totag Sartain finally rebelled against the tort. watched over him while he slept. With another scribe; but they and their performances are To to which he was subjected, and was taken day's rest Poe recovered his equilibrium, and treated with a calm particularity that is in may from school. He soon obtained employ- admitted that all the time he had been under a litself impressive and convincing. Then he has as assistant to a pyrotechnical gentleman delusion as to his tragic experiences and the the had charge of the department of "steam, murderers who had seemed to be following him. It was in Mr. Sartain's magazine that Poe pubaught frequent glimpses of celebrities like lished "The Bells." For the poem in its first form, running to eighteen lines, he received \$15. would be glad to hear more than he noted. When he had rewritten and expanded it he was was while a boy at Covent Garden that he paid \$30 more. This volume gives the earlier

> THE BELLS-A SONG. The bellst-hear the bells The bells!—hear the bells!
> The merry wedding bells!
> The little silver bells!
> How fairylike a melody there swells
> From the silver tinkling cells
> Of the bells, bells.
> Of the bells!

The bells—Ah, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells! Hear the tolling of the behavior Hear the knells!
How horrible a monody there floats
From their throats—
From their deep-toned throats!
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells,
Of the bells!

It is suggestive to compare these stanzas with the poem in its final printed form. We may add that it is only one of many interesting things touched upon in this book.

theless in several places by the rain. Mr. Sar- Carpathians which shrouds his evil doings in

One source of Mr. Stoker's triumph is to be visit burial vaults at midnight and go through objects and happenings, so that the reader really than Harker, one of the characters, of Count more readable than in this pleasant volume. Dracula's mode of going about the castle in which the Englishman is temporarily a prisoner

The window at which I stood was tall and deep, stone-mullioned, and, though weatherworn, was still complete, but it was evidently many a day since the lase had been there. I drew back behind the stonework and looked carefully out. What I saw was the Count's head coming out from the window ion the floor below! I did not see the face but I knew the man by the neck and the movement of his back and arms. In any case I could not mistake the hands which I had had so many opportunities of studying. I was at first interested and somewhat amused, for it is weinterful how small a matter will interest and amuse a man when he is a prisoner. But my very feelings changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the whole man slowly emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over that dreadful abyse face down, with his close that dreadful abyse face down, with his coak spreading out around him like great wings. At was some trick of the meenight, some weird effect of shalow, but I kept looking, and it could be no debision. I saw the ingers and loes grasp the corners of the struck worn clear of the mortar by the stress of years, and by this using every projection and inequality move downwards with considerable speed, just as a lizard moves along a wall. The window at which I stood was tall and lizard moves along a wall.

"The Dominion of Dreams" is opened with a story in which one Dan Macara meets Dalua, "a tall man playing the pipes, and before him a great flock of sheep." Dan is lured by the music and presently it steals into him, at the bidding of Dalua, in the shape of a shadow The rest of his life he wanders witless, hating and fearing nothing "save only shadows." Here is the song in which the sinister man with the pipes is celebrated:

> I have heard you calling, Dalua, Dalua! Dalia:
> I have heard you on the hill,
> By the pool-side still,
> Where the lapwings shrill
> Dalua... Dalua... Dalua:

What is it you call, Dalua,
Dalua!
When the rains fall,
When the mists crawl,
And the curiews call
Dalua...Dalua...Dalua!

"I am the Fool, Dalua,
Dalua!
When you hear me, their eyes
Darken: the shadow in the skies
Droops; and the keening-woman cries
Dalua... Dalua... Dalua!"

sketch the initial story and quote the poem because both are signally illustrative of the spirit pervading the book. Dalua seems to pipe his shadow into every page. Men and women come upon the scene, things happen, the landscape is revealed to us in all its color and freshness; but the charm of this volume is to be attributed first and last to the vague atmosphere of faery with which the author fills it, to the curious strain which is heard more subtly but with no less reality in all the prose as in the single song of Dalua. We do not praise Fiona Macleod for her narratives, interesting as these often are. We praise her rather for her indefinable poetic magic, for her note as of some veiled prophetess crooning strange dreams, sometimes incomprehensible, but always, in some inexplicable way, beautiful and haunting

Mrs. Crowninshield's new novel is a study of relentless destiny working its cruel way through circumstances expressive on the surface of nothing but peace and happiness. Between the white planters and the women of mixed blood on her West Indian island there is amity, there is even love, until some woman of unimpeachable descent comes to sweep the easy going lover off his feet and turn her predecessor into a rejected and despairing creature. One gathers from "San Isidro" that all this is common enough, but Mrs. Crowninshield has found in her Agueda, the heroine of the book, a woman who lifts the usually squalld experience to the plane of remantic tragedy. Den Beltran is a weak man, one sees at the outset, yet the girl's devotion to him seems justified. The appearance of Felisa, who roles Agueda of her love, quickens the movement of the drama greatly but there is nothing forced about the climax. it flows with genuine pathos from a succession of events in the treatment of which the author shows clear insight into human nature. There are two crises in the story, one affecting Gil Silencia and his bride, Raquel; the other implicating Beltran, Agueda and Felisa. The former is rounded out less felicitously than is the latter. But in both cases the author is indubitably clever and diverting. "San Isidro" is a capital romance, full of Southern color and emotion,

"A Son of the State" is a kind of pendant to inquest over his mother's body to his arrival divers humble adventures, becomes a sailor of the Queen and a credit to the State that has been as a father to him. Mr. Pett Ridge is

The smell of the forest is in Mrs. Catherwood's volume of short stories, and with her wildwood glamour she has blended a delightful vein of romance. "Marianson," which heads the collection, is a beautiful and touching little idyll. A flash of humor enters "The Black Feather" and a more polynant note is struck in "The King of Beaver." All the stories are much dialect. Mrs. Catherwood has never been

MR. CROCKETT.

HIS NOVELS AS THEY STRIKE A COUNTRYMAN.

It appears that all Mr. Crockett's countrymen do not care to see his literary industry continue Here is a story which the novelist himself tells in his preface to the new edition of "Mad Sir tlehtred.

"Do you know Clashdaan?" said a friend of mine to a Galloway 'herd" on the hills above the head of the Glen of Trool.

"Ay, brawly do I ken Clashdaan," "it's juist a terrible place for sheep smoorin' amang the snaw, and if there's a storm onywhere amang the hills, the lichtnin' is sure to strike on Clashdaan."

"But," said my friend, thinking of "Sir Uchhave you read Mr. Crockett's story tred. about it"

"Na." said the shepherd, turning away, as if the subject were a painful one, "and mair nor that, I'm no gaun to read it either! If it gangs on like this, there will no be an auld runt of mess aik nor a bit rock by the roadside, but the